



# PUPPET THEATRE NEWS

MALCOLM SMITH  
GRANLIVEIEN 11  
1086 OSLO 10  
NORWAY

Please note my new address in Norway. I reckon that I'll be living there for the most part of '86 until I find somewhere more permanent within the Oslo area.

Waiting lists

Diplomacy: Christoph Schunck, Urban Smith, Louis Bezodis, Denise Yates, Eughan Barry, Daniel Brooks.  
1 WANTED (No game fee).

The Hazelrigg  
Variant: 2 WANTED

Games In Progress

Aquire:	Game 1.	GM: Martin Le Fevre
Dragon Pass:	Game 1.	GM: Malc Smith
Railway Rivals:	Game 374X	GM: Rip Gooch

HOUSEKEEPING

New Subscribers

Jackie Apps, 19 Brudenell, Orton Goldhay, Peterborough, Cambs. PE2 0SX  
Richard Ashley, 147 Saltram Crescent, Queens Park, London W9 3J7  
Mike Brockelhurst, 28 Hayster Grove, Rastrick, Brighouse, W Yorks  
Daniel Brooks, 140 The Avenue, Lower Bevendean, Brighton BN2 4FD  
Rick Byrne, Montrose, Bray Road, Dublin 18, Eire (Trade)  
Theo Clarke, W-1-12, Esso Petroleum Co., Esso House, Victoria St., SW1E  
Robin Ap Cyan, Pen Parc, Holyhead, Gwynedd LL65 1PH  
Chris Charles, 8 The Birches, Cheadle, Stoke on Trent, ST10 1EJ  
Richard Downes, 2 Brisbane Ave., Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 1XZ  
Pete Fayers, 2 Beechwood Avenue, Coulsdon, Surrey CR3 2PA  
Kathy George, 76 Wilwood Road, Bracknell, Berks RG12 1SN  
Steve Green, 39 Morris Way, London Colney, St. Albans, Herts AL2 1JN  
Sue Gardener, 281 Old Shoreham Road, Portslade, Hove, Sussex BN4 1X3  
Dave Gostellow, 64 Binstead Road, Sheffield, S Yorks S5 8LH  
Ed Hutton, 50 St. Georges Place, Little Hutton, Bradford BD5 0SA  
Mick Haytack, 53 Hollowood Ave., Littleover, Derby DE3 6JD  
Dave Jone, 9 Magazine Lane, New Brighton, Wallasey, Merseyside L45 1LT  
David Kotula, 57 Manor Road, London Colney, Herts AL2 1PP  
Keith Loveys, Room 7, 50 Warwick Road, Earls Court, London W5  
Richard Morris, 1 Highlandville, Landcliffe, Halifax, Yorks HX3 8AG  
Alan Richards, 46 Gungrog Road, Welshpool, Powys SY21 7HP  
Conrad Von Metzke, 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA.  
(Trade)

Renewals

Larry Edgar  
Denise Yates

Last Issue unless I get a renewal

Barry Eughan (or trade?)  
Andrew Fisher

Goodbye to

Ian Shaw

This means I now have a total readership of 63. A full breakdown will be suffered next issue. However, most of the new chaps and chapesses came from the defunct Howay the Lads and those wishing to stay on board I wish you a hearty welcome to Bohemian Rhapsody.

FEBRUARY 1986

This issue has taken a lot longer to get started than usual, for which I apologise. Normally I start work on the following issue before the manuscripts reach Martin Le Fevre in the UK which means that usually I am working on Bohemian Rhapsody all the time. But because I am preparing to move from Belgium to Norway in less than a weeks time there has been, as you may imagine, some other stuff to get done and organised. One of the more pressing tasks was to get an apartment lined up in Oslo. I managed to get that sorted out a few weeks ago when I flew up to Oslo for a long weekend. The address you see on the front cover is where I can be contacted. As I mentioned on the first page I will be living there for the most of the rest of the year before I see about buying my latest ancestral home somewhere in the frozen north. By the time that you read this I will actually be en route for Norway, so please don't try and send anything to my old Antwerp address as I won't be there any more.

Because of the short period of time that I have left and the thousand and one things to do before I leave (i.e. rebuild the flat before my landlord sees it) Belgium means that I won't have the time to produce the usual doormat thumping issue this time around. But when I get my gear back having suffered, and hopefully survived, the Belgian customs followed by the long haul to Oslo in the back of a removals lorry and a trip through Norwegian customs I ought to be able to start off producing another issue in about a months time. But this date all depends on my computer surviving the trip and getting cleared through the Belgie customs. Knowing the thick-headed gormless Woodies (Belgies) like I do I can see them causing no end of trouble and holding up my kit until their slug like brains cope with their paperwork. However the fun will start when Yours Truly lands in Norway without his Work Permit, so perhaps all mail ought to be addressed via King Olav's finest.

All this was supposed to be an apology for the delay of the magazine, the change in the style of the cover which was becoming a trade mark for Bohemian Rhapsody and for the slimmness of this issue. The front cover was, incidentally, supplied by Andrew Poole and I can't help thinking that it looks kinda familiar.

Finally, I would like to greet all the newcomers to the magazine and I'm sorry that you aren't starting with a better issue, but I decided against holding you all back for a more normal issue in case you were wondering what had happened to your old Howay the Lads subscription. If you're not happy with what you see (please bear in mind that this isn't a normal issue) then please drop me a line and I'll refund the balance of your subscription if I can dig your details from out of the database. Nevertheless, I hope that you'll stay for at least a few issues and who knows I may actually get a gamestart going after 10 issues. Anyone want a game of something?

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY QUESTIONNAIRE

To be perfectly frank, I am not at all pleased by the response to the questionnaire I printed in the last issue. Surely more than two people read Bohemian Rhapsody? The whole idea of the questionnaire was to find out what you think about this magazine so that I can change it if need be. But if only two people have the decency to reply what can I deduce from this? Not a lot. So I'll reprint the questionnaire again this issue and I would like a bit more effort from you lot out there this time. Send your reply to my new Oslo address, thank you. I can see that if I don't get a decent number of replies then I may have to think again about my trading policy.

HOLLAND 1990

Science Fiction addicts out there may be interested to learn that the Dutch SF Fandom (whoever they may be) have made a bid for the World SF Convention (WorldCon) to be held in the Hague in 1990.

I don't know how these things work, but the flier I have in front of me says that they have already more than 170 pre-supporting members for the Convention (wot's a pre-supporting member?) and they invite you to join their ranks by sending off a cheque for 4 pounds to:

Holland In 1990  
Postbus 95370  
2509 CJ The Hague  
Holland.

As I say, I don't know what you get for your four quid except a membership for something that isn't definite or arranged yet. I'm sorry, but it does sound a little dodgy to me. Does anyone want to become a supporting member of Bohemian Rhapsody, all they have to do is send me a fiver?

But if I ever dig out more information on WorldCon 1990, I'll let you know right away.

UNITED KINGDOM VARIANT BANK

First of all I must reprint the correct address of the UKVB Custodian, Geoff Kemp, he lives at 73 Caledonian, Glascote Heath, Tamworth, Staffs.

Secondly, Andrew Poole who was the previous UKVB Custodian asked me to print the following announcement:

"If people have failed to get satisfaction or an answer from Geoff Kemp, would they contact me with the details. If it is established that Geoff has disappeared then I shall be arranging a replacement service, subject to certain limitations. Please contact Andrew Poole, (UKVB Custodian), 27 Holmfield Avenue East, Braunstone, Leicester."

In addition I have heard a number of rumours that there was a "Raid on Tamworth" lined up for sometime during January, whether or not there has been one I don't know, so I can't tell you. But if the UKVB does pass into someone else's hands then it may be some months before he/she sorts out the requests for variants from various individuals and gets the UKVB catalogue up to date. It's been nine months to the day that my cheque has been cashed by Geoff Kemp for some variants and as yet I still haven't heard a thing!

One recent item that has loomed up on the UKVB horizon is a set of proposals for reprinting variants by Steve Doubleday and Andrew Poole. Basically the Proposal (see later) requires editors wishing to print a variant contact the designer asking for permission to publish the variant in question in his/her magazine. If permission is not granted, so say the Proposal, then the variant may not be published. Undoubtably the designer would then sue the editor under the copyright laws.

Do we really need this Proposal? A section of the proposal states "This code is not an attempt to be heavy-handed or bureaucratic, merely to ensure that some standards are maintained which gives the designer something back for their efforts. Something that will be welcomed by all responsible gamers."

That sounds like blackmail to me. If I don't agree with the proposals mentioned does that make me an irresponsible gamer? I think not.

The reasons behind my objection of the Proposal is that we in this Hobby tend to be, by and large, responsible gamers whether or not we go along with the Proposal. I believe that every gamer within the Hobby feels that his every effort is for the good of the Hobby as a whole. This extends from the novice in one game of Diplomacy whose frequent orders submitted to the GM keeps the game running to the editor who produces magazines every few weeks or so.

We all know that whatever we submit to the Hobby may be used by the Hobby in one form or another. How many players don't realise or don't wish their games or moves to be entered into the Hobby Statistics? I don't think I know of any. What would happen if a player refused to have his game result included in the Statistical surveys, or an editor refusing to have his magazine mentioned in the Zine Poll? The Hobby would fall apart instantly. There would be no common grounds anymore for any of the editors upon which to work together and try to expand. The whole Postal Games Hobby would become a mass of individual players playing in a small number of games.

This Proposal as it stands demands that an editor like myself would have to contact the designer to gain permission to reprint it. The Proposal states that the designer's name ought to be in the Postal Gamesplayers' Yearbook for the information. If the name isn't there then the editor should contact the compiler, Steve Doubleday, for the designer's name and address, if Steve can find it. That can take a few weeks before the editor gets the address required and then he has to write and ask him for permission. He then has to wait for up to six weeks before permission can be gained (he may get approval or denial earlier than this) so that the variant can be published.

An editor has enough on his plate without waiting for two months to publish a variant in his magazine. The Proposal isn't an attempt to be bureaucratic (it says), if waiting for two months isn't bureaucratic then Heaven knows what is.

But that isn't what I really object to. What I object to is the radical change this may have on our Hobby. The Hobby has been active for about 20 years in the UK and throughout that time there have been a number of proposals for centralisation, the formation of a National Games Club and other stuff. The Hobby has previously thrown out such suggestions because we like our Hobby the way that it is. There are no committees, leaders, elections or whatever, just a group of like minded individuals who want to play games by post and have no time or patience for such heavy-handed organisations.

What will an editor feel when his request gets denial and he sees in another magazine the same variant published? This won't exactly help relations within the Hobby. At the moment we've a friendly informal Hobby that works because we tend to be friendly informal people. Let's keep it that way.

Because we are all responsible gamers those who reproduce variants in magazines tend to give the designer a mention. That's common decency, and we all tend to do it anyway. So why the Proposal? Could it give the designer a chance at censorship within the magazine, "You can't print my variants unless you cancel trades with X"? Proposals like this aren't required by responsible gamers at all.

### The Proposal

1. All Diplomacy variants are, and remain the copyright of their Designer(s).
2. Therefore, if it wished to reprint copies of any variant(s), reasonable steps should be taken to get permission from the designer(s). If their address is not known, you should consult the Postal Gamesplayer's Yearbook, compiled by Steve Doubleday, 147 Howlands, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL7 4RL, who will attempt to locate and provide the information.
3. If permission is not granted, then the variant(s) must not be reprinted.
4. If the designer cannot be contacted (e.g. their address cannot be traced) or has not replied within six weeks (this deadline should be specifically mentioned in any correspondence) then the variant(s) may be reprinted.
5. If permission has been given or the designer has not replied within six weeks, the variant(s) may be reprinted. In which case, a copy of the reprint (even where there are changes or updating - see point 8) should be sent: (a) to the designer, (b) to the Variant Bank.
6. Individual Designers may decide to waive these conditions for any one or more of their designs. Where this is the case, it will be clearly indicated as such in the Variant Bank's catalogue. Only then is there no need either to write for permission or send a copy of the reprint to the designer. Even so, a copy of such a reprint should be sent to the Variant Bank (even where changed/updated - see point 8).
7. Where any variant is published (either for the first time or reprinted), the proper title of the game should be shown - including the name of the original designer (if known) and any Roman Numerals which indicate a particular mark or version.
8. If a variant is modified, changed or improved in any significant way (that is, more than merely improving the English and trying to make the meaning of the rules clearer) it is important to differentiate this from the original. The number of the new mark/version should be shown along with the names of both the original designer and the person(s) responsible for the change(s).
9. All those receiving copies of variants from the Variant Bank should abide by this code. It is not possible to supply those who will not. If approached directly, Individual Designers are to decide whether or not they wish people to accept this code if they are asking for copies or variants or permission to reprint.

(Continued...)



(The Proposal continued...)

Notes:

a. This code could be extended to cover any or all other types of game rules which are physically reprinted.

b. This code is not an attempt to be heavy-handed or bureaucratic, merely to "ensure that some standards are maintained which gives the designer something back for their efforts". Something that will be welcomed by all responsible gamers.

c. This code was proposed and devised by Steve Doubleday (a variant designer) with additions by Andrew Poole.

d. It is proposed that some form of Code to be agreed on, the points above are presented as suggestions open to discussion.

- Personally, I believe that the only bit that is required is section number seven and eight. These are just common sense and common courtesy, but need we legislate courtesy? Does our Hobby need to be ensnared in copyright rules and petty officialdom?

If you have any comments on the Proposal or, indeed, upon my reaction I'd be very interested to receiving them.

### THREE NEW MAGAZINES

Since the last issue of Bohemian Rhapsody I've recieved three magazines that I'd never seen before.

The first is the newest, Ovalspleenie News 2, which comes from someone who didn't put his name to the magazine, so I can't tell you who to write to although the address is: 111 Harrowden Road, Bedford, Beds.. I'm not sure what to make of this production because, purely and simply, I don't understand it. The front cover's good though - somewhat severe parody of SuperTed. Do I reccomend it? Actually, I don't know - have a look and see what you think, and if you understand it please let me in the big secret.

Zopah 5 comes from the Emerald Isle, Dublin to be precise. It's like no other magazine I have ever seen before. Rick Byrne's writing is superb, I make it no secret that I'd like to write like he does. His style really exites me and unfortunately the magazine seems too short because I'd love to read what he writes for hours and hours on end. The reason why I find this magazine is that he has done some serious ground work for the Morrow Project game. In this particular issue he has written a fascinating essay on Post-Holocaust Scandinavia. The amount of research he must have undertaken is impressive although Rick reckons that he's written too much. I wish I could get my hands on some back copies (any chance Rick?), and I feel flattered that Rick wishes to trade with me. If you're interested in reading an intelligent magazine get in touch with Rick at Montrose, Bray Road, Dublin 18, Eire; you won't be disappointed.

One of the names that I've read about for a few years in the North American Hobby is that of Conrad von Metzke. Conrad has just sent me his Costaguana Vol 10, No 15 from California. Conrad's magazine is an impressive 44 pages long, including covers. I don't know what to say about Costaguana except that it's like what I want Bohemian Rhapsody to be; plenty of games and excellent articles on everything under the sun. In this issue there's an interesting essay on Schubert's unfinished works, a claim for the 1st postal game ever of Diplomacy which took place in 1961 and an article of roads in and around San Diego. As I have said, Conrad has succeeded in producing something that I've been aiming for and I can assure you that I'll be watching this one very closely indeed, and I suggest that you ought to do the same. Conrad can be discovered at 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA.

THE HAZELRIGG VARIANT

By Conrad Von Metzke,

V0008

(Copied from Costaguana Vol 10, No 15)

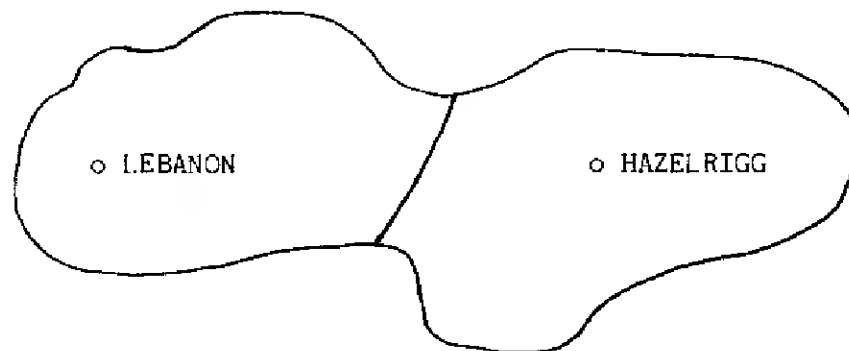
In 1973 I flew East to visit Walt Buchanan. While there, Walt took me on a tour of his neighbourhood, and the tour passed through the tiny town of Hazelrigg, which looked for all the world to consist in one grain silo! And yet, all the maps and the highway signs suggested the presence of a 'settlement'. Walt assures me that, in all his years in the vicinity, he has yet to find the settlers.

In commemoration of this visit, and of Walt's magnificent hospitality (he was very explicit in giving directions to the nearest MacDonald's). I have designed a two-player variant Diplomacy game based on the geography of Hazelrigg, Indiana and its neighbouring town (Walt's home), Lebanon.

RULES

1. Unless otherwise stated, the standard rules of Diplomacy apply.
2. The two powers are Hazelrigg and Lebanon. Hazelrigg starts the game in Spring 1973 with Army Hazelrigg. Lebanon begins in the same season with Army Lebanon.
3. The first player to obtain a majority of the centres is the winner.

MAP



- Translated from the American by Male Smith (15.11.86).

(Waiting List now open.....)

MARINE DIPLOMACY

By Andrew Poole

V0009

1. All the normal rules of Diplomacy (1971 rulebook) apply, except as amended below.
2. In addition to the normal Armies and Fleets of Diplomacy, there is a third type of unit called Marines (abbreviation 'M'). However, unlike Regular units, Marines cannot be 'built' in the adjustments but must be reconstructed from other units.
3. In addition to any builds due to a Power in the winter adjustments, any unit already occupying a home supply centre may be ordered to be reconstructed. A Fleet may be reconstructed into a unit of Marines, and a marine unit may be reconstructed into an Army or vice versa. Fleets and Armies may not be directly reconstructed into each other but first must be reconstructed as Marines and then into the other kind of unit. Reconstruction does not require any extra build points and is in addition to any regular builds.
4. A Power may only have a maximum of one Marine unit for every three supply centres owned in the Winter of each game-year (fractions rounded down; e.g. owning five centres entitles a maximum of 1 Marine unit). This and the need to reconstruct other units into Marines means it is possible to build only one Marine unit in Winter 1901.
5. As with Regular units a Marine may be ordered to do only one thing per turn: A Marine may be ordered to Stand, Move/Attack or Support but not Convoy; it may only move from one province to another which is adjacent. A Marine unit may be ordered to move (or Support into) any passable (named) space on the Board and may operate equally on land or at sea.
6. When at sea a Marine is not able to convoy as a Fleet can, however it may itself be convoyed as an Army: to be convoyed it must start and finish the turn in a coastal land province, it cannot use convoying as a means of hopping around the seas.
7. If a player fails to order for removals which are required in the Winter adjustments, the GM will first remove the Marine unit which is furthest from home, then the Fleet furthest from home, then the Army and so on, repeating the sequence if necessary.
8. Marine Diplomacy may be played on the board of the Regular game (with Fleet Rome) or the board of any suitable variant such as Davis Diplomacy, Abstraction or Aberration. In these other cases the other rules of the variant apply, except those for the use of Army/Fleets which are replaced by the Marines.

FLUID DIPLOMACY

By Peter Aronson

V0010

1. The 1971 rules of Diplomacy are used except when noted.
2. Before Spring 1901, a Winter 1900 build turn occurs; players start with any arrangement of units that they are capable of building.
3. The last player to occupy a supply centre in any season is its owner.
4. A player may build in any centre he owns, not just in his own home centres.
5. During any Winter turn a player may change any of his armies that are on supply centres into Fleets, and any Fleets that are on his supply centres into Armies.
6. Any two of a player's units may exchange places by moving through each other as if they were not there, providing the moves succeed as in Regular Diplomacy. (The abbreviation 'X' denotes an exchange move).
7. Victory criterion is the ownership of 19 centres.

INSIDE-OUT DIPLOMACY

By Bruce Linsey

V0011

I'm not sure if there are any amendments to the 1971 Diplomacy Rulebook for this variant as it appears to entail is an unique adaption of the Diplomacy Board. Until I discover any extra rules for this variant I will assume that none exist.

Text - Malc Smith (15.11.86)

(The map for this variant is in the centre pages)

XYNS SYN

An up-to-date catalogue of magazines that have arrived since the last issue of Bohemian Rhapsody. This is a service for the games player who will be looking for a magazine to play a certain game in. From this section the would-be player can determine a magazine's frequency, cost and the waiting lists open. Beside each magazine's name are three dates, the first is the deadline for the issue recieved, the second is the date it dropped on my doorstep, and the third is the date of the next deadline. The cost of each magazine, if known, is also included. The waiting lists are only mentioned for the latest issue received.

Ovalspleenie 2 (??/8 Jan/??). No lists. c/o 111 Harrowden Rd., Bedford, Beds.

Diplomacy Digest 95 (??/8 Jan/??). No games. Mark L Berch, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria VA 22304, USA. 5 issues for \$2.

Mad Policy 114 (11 Dec/9 Jan/15 Jan). Diplomacy (2), Bourse (lots), Jotto (not yet open), Variant (choose your own). Richard Walkerdine, 144 Stoughton Road, Guildford, Surrey GU2 6PG. 25p + postage.

The New Zine Register 5 (??/9 Jan/31 Mar). US Magazine listings along with the list of most of the rest of the world's magazines. More up to date than the latest 20 Years On. Simon Billenness, 61a Park Avenue, Albany, NY 12202, USA., or 1 pound from Geoff Challinger, 117 Shrubbery Road, South Darenth, Kent DA4 9AP.

Life 4 (8 Jan/\*/29 Jan). Diplomacy (6), Abstraction II (3), Intimate 1a Diplomacy (1), Pass the Pigs (lots), Sopwith (2), Propaganda (2), Bourse (lots). Matthew Wright, Cedars, The Avenue, Bushey, Herts WD2 2LL. 13p + postage.

Politesse 34 (??/\*/??). No lists visible. Ken Peel, 8708 First Ave., #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910, USA. 39 cents.

Bushwacker 171 (30 Dec/\*/31 Jan). Turnabout Diplomacy (7). Fred C Davis Jnr., 1427 Clairidge Rd., Baltimore, Md 21207, USA.

Rostherne Games Review 76 (??/\*/7 Jan).

It's a Trap 8 (28 Dec/\*/8 Feb). United, Twixt. Steve Knight, 2732 Grand Ave. S. #302, Minneapolis, MN 55408, USA. 50 cents + postage.

C'est Magnifique 15 (3 Jan/\*/24 Jan).

Bruce 57 (10 Jan/21 Jan/8 Feb). Diplomacy (7), El Gordo (lots). Paul Simpkins, 27 West Park St., Dewsbury WF13 4LE. 35p.

Oxymoron 51 (11 Jan/22 Jan/15 Feb). Diplomacy (5), Anonymous Dip (7), Fleet Rome (6), Stab (5), Vain rats (6), Abstraction II (6), Downfall V (5), Republic (?), Diodochi V (4), Experimental United, Cricketboss, New Eleusis (4,5), White Box (4,5), Sopwith (5), 1829 (5). Jaap Jacobs, Kaiserstraat 10-B, 2311 GR Leiden, Holland.

Diversions 21 (21 Dec/22 Jan/25 Jan).

Monochrome 17 (21 Dec/22 Jan/25 Jan).

Mach Die Spuhl! (15 Jan/28 Jan/26 Feb). Can't read the waiting lists as they're all in bloody French! Good magazine though. Luc Dodinval, 59/Bte 5 Rue Albert de Latour, B-1030 Brussels, Belgium (excuse my bad language). 40 BF (Benelux), 50 BF (International), 65 BF (Air Mail).

Zopath 5 (??/28 Jan/??). No lists visible. Rick Byrne, Montrose, Bray Road, Dublin 18, Eire. 55p.

Convert or Die 4 (??/29 Jan/??). Car Wars in an excellent campaign. Ralph Horsley, 11 Stonecross Road, Kendal, Cumbria LA9 5HR. 45p.

Rostherne Games Review 77 (7 Jan/29 Jan/28 Feb). Railway Rivals maps: (Map B: New players only, Map C: 1, Map D: 3, Map J: 3), Bus Business (1 or 2), Rentsville (6), Big Steel 03 (3 or 4). David Watts, 102 Priory Road, Milford Haven, Dyfed, SA7 2ED. 30p + postage.

C'est Magnifique 16 (24 Jan/29 Jan/14 Feb). Diplomacy (1), Deluge Diplomacy (3), Downfall VI (3 or 4), Superbourse (at least 3). Peter Sullivan, 36 Bushey Hall Road, Bushey, Watford, Herts WD2 2ED. 10p plus postage.

Road Goes Ever On 23 (10 Jan/4 Feb/21 Feb). Diplomacy (5 - join me in a game!). This magazine has improved a lot recently well worth subscribing to Gary Piper, 4 Woodstock, Billing Road, Northampton NN1 5DT. 28p + postage.

Diversions 22 (25 Jan/12 Feb/22 Feb). Railway Rivals (South Italy: 1 or 2, Spain: more, D (Hysterical): 3, C: lots, North Italy: 1 to 4), Ironroads (moved away to Pete Calcraft's magazine), Maneater (Game 8: 1 or 2, Game 7: 3), 1829 (North: 1, Variant: more wanted even though the rules haven't been decided upon, New Tresham Game: lots for when the game is released in Summer 1986 possibly). A superb railway games magazine from Rip Gooch, 49 Lightwood Road, Newcastle Upon Tyne NE15 6EE. 25p.

Monochrome 18 (25 Jan/12 Feb/22 Feb). An interesting magazine that runs Grab for Africa (5) and has articles of an intellectual artistic nature from Robin ap Iwan, Pen Parc, Holyhead, Gwynedd LL65 1PH. 25p.

Costaguana Vol 10, No 15 (??/13 Feb/??). Cline 9 (2). Conrad von Metzke, 4374 Donald Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA. 35 cents.

The dates marked with an asterisk fall between the 16th and the 20th January 1986 when I popped up to Oslo for a few days.

I still haven't seen either Thing on the Mat and Callimaufry even though we are supposed to be trading. Richard Walkerdine has already sent me the latest Mad Policy to my Welsh address, so the 115th issue has been out for a few weeks.

20 Years On has changed hands and now the loonie printer Martin Le Fevre of 1 Wellesby Nautical School, Blyth, Northumberland NE24 3PF is at the helm (pun intended).

#### NEWS FLASH

The chairman of the DIPCON XIX committee is now Pete Gaughan, 3121 East Park Row, #171-A, Arlington, Texas 76010, USA. DIPCON XIX takes place over the weekend of May 30th - June 1st 1986. Hopefully, I'll see you there this year!

ELITE

- A Software Game for the ZX Spectrum

Even though I had heard of this game for about a year now I had never seen it played until I bought it recently for my Spectrum (ah decadence a three computer family!). The game originally came out for the BBC and because of its quality it has been one of the best selling bits of home computing software since.

So what's so good about it? Elite is really two games in one, it's a space trading game and a space combat game all rolled into one. Basically, you're in charge of a medium sized craft and you're off to making a living plying the space lanes for trade. You buy a pile of merchandise in one solar system, choose your target system, hope the prices will be in your favour, leap through hyperspace and try and dock the bloody thing at t'other end without crashing. The trading works extremely well and is fascinating, there are two main categories of planets at which you land; agricultural and industrial. The former wants industrial items and the latter needs foodstuffs and the like. Unfortunately, one doesn't exactly know what price they will be offering when the ship gets there, but after a while one tends to get an idea, but anyway it all adds to the fun.

The deep space bit is when the craft leaps out of hyperspace and you're desperately looking for the space station where you dock and sell your goods is interesting because there's other chaps out there who would like to sell goods at the same station. But the difference here is that they don't particularly wish to spend valuable money on it in the first place when they realise that destroying your craft and running off with your valuables is so much cheaper and a damn sight more fun. So we've come to the piracy aspect of the game. This isn't one of your 'shoot-em-up' style of arcade games at all but almost a simulation of 3-D combat. The graphics are simple, they need to be in order to be fast. You can watch another ship appear from the distance and grow in size and shape until he flies over and above your head. The wire-line graphics are simply superb.

The combat is hard and when you've managed to knock out 6912 ships you gain the title of "Elite", and I assume that's the end of the game but that will take months on the Spectrum which appears to be different to the BBC. Some differences I've noticed is that on the Spectrum one get attacked by ships with a cloaking device so you can't detect them, and the police force won't come out of the station either when you're attacked in the 'Safe Zone' ("this is obviously some strange usage of the word safe that I wasn't previously aware of" - APD) around the station.

Elite is the best computer game I've ever seen and I don't know to classify it, it's not an adventure or an arcade game; how about a "Saga"? Buy it, Spectrum owners, and you'll never get to bed before midnight ever again - a definite four in the morning game.



BELGIE BITS

- The last in the current series concerning  
Belgian subculture and intelligence (sic).

I can't really describe my feelings of joy when I finally realise that I'm actually leaving this police state. I'm quite honestly sick to the back teeth of the way that the police run this country, and so badly. I suppose the final straw was when I was stopped in the street the other night by the Riechmacht (the military branch of the police) and searched for no reason. What other 'democracy' allows the police to search civilians for no other reason than it seems like a good idea at the time? So it is with joyous heart that I'm packing my bags and moving off north to a better country. Belgium must be only country to cost more to leave than it does to enter. Getting my Police Pass cost about 70p from the Riechmacht and when I surrender it next week it will cost over twice that much. But I'll be more than willing to pay almost anything to get out.

As a British citizen I detest having to carry an identity card around with me all the time, by law the Belgies have to do the same. Even the Dutch, who live next door, can't understand why this is so in Belgium. I recently asked a Woodie (Belgian) why they carried one all the time, she replied that "they have to so that they know who they are", and please don't get the impression that something was lost in the translation there, nothing was believe me. The conversation went something along these lines:

"Why do you need them?"

"Because the police will want to know who you are."

"Why do the police want to do that?"

"Well they do, don't they?" Doubt was creeping in here, "Don't you have them in the UK?"

"Like Hell we do."

"So what if the British police want to know who you are?"

"In what situation?"

"Just to check up on you."

"They don't, they only want to know who you are if you've done something wrong and they're about to book you."

"Is that all? Don't they stop you in the streets and ask you who you are and all that?"

I think it was about here when I exploded. The average Woodie can't comprehend that I'd never had anything like a passport (never an id.) until the middle of '84 when I left the UK for the first time. If the NCCL (National Council of Civil Liberties) thinks that things are bad within the UK then they ought to take a holiday over here for a few months. When they'd return they'll probably fold the NCCL and decide that, after all, things aren't so bad in Maggie's Farm after all.

There's an insurance company within the UK (can't remember the name, my brain's gone soft from living here too long) that has as it's slogan "We don't make a drama out of a crisis" and almost guarantees payout the next working day or so. Remember my break-in I mentioned in one of the previous issues of Bohemian Rhapsody? It occurred on the 13th of November and two months have passed since then and I still haven't heard a peep from my company since then. Except for the time when the 'expert' came to view the stolen goods three weeks after the break-in (who was rather upset that I had the door repaired before he saw it, my fault entirely; I should have realised that I was required to have the door left knackered for three whole weeks so some other thieving bastard can come and rip the rest of my stuff off).

It's now two months and two days since I reported the incident and I wanted to know why the insurance company were dragging their heels so I popped down to the brokers to find out why nothing was done (i.e. where the bloody hell was my cheque?). Mr Insurance Shark told me that it was the law in Belgium that the police couldn't release details of the incident until the case was closed. I asked how long that would take, and he replied when the ne'er-do-well was prosecuted or when they give up. Judging by their powers of intelligence I don't believe that they'll ever catch the thief and so I've got to wait for them to close the case which could take another six months or so. What would I have done if all of my flat was ripped off and all the furniture destroyed? Would the law as it stands force me to sleep on the floor for six months whilst some fat policeman with a rubber stamp tried to solve the crime? The thought horrifies me. The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy described the Vogons as "bad-tempered, bureaucratic, officious and callous. They wouldn't even lift a finger to save their own grandmothers from the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal without orders signed in triplicate, sent in, sent back, queried, lost, found, subjected to public inquiry, lost again, and finally buried in soft peat for three months and recycled as fire lighters". But even the Vogons have nothing on this lot over 'ere. Perhaps Vagon is an anagram of something Belgian, I'll have to write and ask Douglas Adams.

But things aren't so gloomy here in Woodieland they still have their sports and things. Perhaps the greatest spectator sport I know in the whole wide world entails sitting in a cafe and watching Woodies try and park their cars at an angle reasonably parallel to the kerb. It's a hobby that I will surely miss in Oslo. The trouble about Woodie drivers is that they are not only totally unconscious but unconscious to the rest of the world. A Woodie driver in a busy traffic stream seeing a parking space whizz by (actually, the space is stationary and he's doing the whizzing, but then again, in this country one can't be too sure) will slam on the brakes and instead of trying to get out of the way of the following traffic he'll try and reverse the whole column back a hundred yards so he can get to the space. The fifteenth car in the line who realises that there's some jerk in front who wants to come back decides, quite rightly, that the best thing to do is to get off the road fast. Aha, what's this, says he, a parking space nearby. So, in he dives whilst the column is slowly reversing accompanied by the sounds of horns and tearing metal until the first car is level with the 15th waiting patiently in the 'was-space'. The first car will stop and the driver will stop breathing in order to think where the space has gone and the 15th driver will start to wonder what the idiot is doing and he won't move out until the first driver has done something positive, which usually takes all night.

But once the space has been identified (not an easy task for these sloth minded goons) the fun really starts. The Woodie has to get his Renault 5 (standard Woodie issue) into the space. First of all he's got to find the kerb. Aha, thinks (sic) he I've found it, all four wheels are on it, now to get off it. Aha, done that now. Yes all four wheels are on the cobbles, but why am I facing the brick wall? Oh yes, I must be facing the wrong way. Oh heck, I'll have to reverse out. I've done that, but I seem to have blocked the traffic and I can't turn because there's cars all around the place. What do I do?????

Last night I was installed in my favorite biker's bar watching the antics of the local populace parking and I was amazed to find that, yes, the Woodie I had been watching had parked parallel to the kerb, the only shame about it was that his wheels were on either side of the camber in the road. He got out of the car, scratched his paunch (another standard Woodie issue) and then decided to push his car back and forth until he got it into place.

Belgium parking has had a great influence in housing architecture (I use the term loosely). All the Woodie's houses have the garages on the ground floor underneath the whole of the house. This is for two reasons, the first is that it is harder for the Woodie to miss the garage, or for that matter, any garage, and the second is that if the house was next to the garage as in the UK then half of the Woodies would find themselves in the front room still behind the wheel.

I did mention sport, and you real sporty-types out there (have I got the right readership here?) will no doubt be wondering what sort of sports they play out here. Well, apart from the normal game of squash and associated activities they play football to a certain degree. I've played in one of the Woodie football teams during my stay here and I often play against various Woodie 5-a-side teams indoors. The difference between real football and Woodie football (for the benefit of our New World readers I'm not talking about your effeminate version of Rugby either) is fantastic. For starters the Woodies won't play football if it's cold, wet or raining; they've never managed to cope with weather out here at all. I've often turned up to kick the hell out of the opposition to have the game postponed because of a light drizzle. "The game's off." they'd say, "We can't play in this."

I joined the team with two other British players (one's Irish so he doesn't count) because they wanted us to help them win. So we turned up to watch them play and we were astounded that the Woodie rules are totally different to ours. If a defender goes in for a hard tackle and fairly wins the ball and the attacker goes flying then the referee will blow for a foul. I nearly got sent off one game for gettin' stuck in and the centre forward went into orbit; and whose fault was it? Certainly not mine, it was a good 50/50 ball and I went in hard for it and for all intents and purposes I won out on that one, a shame the referee didn't think so.

And if a player happens to groin someone's knee he's guaranteed to win a foul. It's crazy, we British and the Norwegians are frightened to do anything when we play here, it's not only the ridiculous decisions that get us but the temperments of the Woodies. If a Woodie is subjected to a sliding tackle the odds are on that he's almost going to break into tears and shout and moan for the rest of the game.

The Norwegians seem to have a proper sense of perspective of the game. They start playing before the snows melt (for a country that has fourty five minutes of summer a year they have no real choice) on pitches that aren't thawed out and play with steel spikes on the bottom of the boots instead of the usual studs. That's real dedication to a most glorious sport.

In Belgium it's not allowed for a footballer (regardless of level) to walk on the pitch without have his police identity card scrutinised by a number of KGB-like officials. If you can't show your id. to the men in trilbys and leather trenchcoats then you can't play. Who says that people play football in Belgium for fun - I never did. But in a few weeks time I hope to be in a position to find a decent team in Oslo somewhere and import my brand of Anglo-Saxon soccer to Norway and to possibly get the North of England's revenge for all that rape and pillaging that happened yonks ago on the Northumbrian coast when my Dad was but a wee nipper.

Oh, Belgium, Belgium how I won't miss you in the least!

TRANSLATION DEPARTMENT

Any day now we ought to hear about this year's MidCon bash in Birmingham. During the previous year's convention it was noted that some people were having problems with the Brummie (Birmingham) accent, so the Bohemian Rhapsody Translation team have come up with the following dictionary for those attending this year's convention.

Asbestos: to the extent of your ability, as in "You'll 'ave to do asbestos as you can."

Avenue: question expecting negative answer, as in "Avenue got no money?"

Claps: fall to bits.

Count's Louse: the domicile of many a Brummie.

Dan sau: place where deafening music is played while people agitate themselves opposite each other.

Egg spurt: someone with special skill or knowledge.

Flat list: stamp collector.

Fused: supposition, as in "Fused to push that button up there, wotud 'appen?"

Gissa: request, as in "Gissa fag mate."

Grade A: dull weather, as in "Bin a grade A today, annit?"

Grain: turning grey.

Hard Tack: cardiac arrest.

Horse spittle: place to recuperate after suffering the above.

Incha: form of challenge, as in "Drinkin' me beer, incha?"

Laydan: afternoon siesta.

Maiden: origin of manufacture, as in "Maiden Birmingham."

Miniature: the very instant, as in "Miniature turn yer bak, summons up to summit."

Owl: interrogative, as in "Owl ya get to bingo wivout yer ruzband knowing?"

Plain: partaking in a sport, fequently on "plain feels".

Rise up lides: aids to shaving.

Robin?: not an ornithological statement, but an inquiry as to whether Robert is at home.

Sealink: opposite of floor.

Sly: "I'm afraid you are stating a falsehood."

Shot: "I'm afraid you have miscalculated."

Soya bean: interrogative, as in "Soya bean dan the pub, avya?"

Stewence: persons attending an educational establishment.

Upper class: promotion at school, as in "If yer intellegent enuf, yule get moved upper class."

Wotsit fur rafters?: "Will there be a desert?"

Yagoddiny: interrogative, ascertaining the availability of something, as in "Yagoddiny bat trees?"

Yegowan: request for information regards direction of travel, as in "Yegowan to tan?"

Zion: look, regard, as in "'E's gotis zion me."

LETTERS

Kathy Byrne, New York:

Whilst on vacation in California last summer I had the opportunity to play "Junta" and I fell in love with the game. I have tried to get a copy of this game and I just can't. I have tracked down every lead that I have been given and they have all turned out to be dead ends. If you or any of your readers can find me a copy, I'll be happy to send money for the game, postage, etc..

(Okay, any of you lot out there know of a game let Kathy know c/o myself as I'm often in touch with her for Diplomacy World. I believe that Peter Sullivan may have a lead or two. Incidentally, I'm looking for a game called "Nomad Gods", can anyone, anywhere, help me? - Malc.)

Peter Sullivan, Watford:

I've finally got hold of Geoff (Kemp), the Variants zine should be out by the end of January, and I've explained your situation and have asked him to look into it.

Martin Le Fevre, Blyth:

I decided to fight the flab on Sunday and went for a swim. (At t'baths not the bloody North Sea), on the whole I'd say that the flab won.

(Beats horse riding, tho' - Malc.)

Mathew Wright, Bushey:

I'm afraid I don't like your idea of not having a deadline, people I find like to have some idea when and how often they will receive a zine. If you wish to be flexible I suggest you give a rough approximation of the deadline, e.g. the 1st of February to the 14th of February.

Roberto Della-Salla, Watford:

Just a comment about your 'deadline' policy - I think it is a good idea and BR is more of a chat based zine rather than a game zine if you really think about it.

(Just shows you can't please everyone all the time - what do the rest of you think? Please fill in them questionnaires. - Malc).

FAREWELL TO BELGIUM

I've finally reached the end of this magazine, and what an effort it was; the manuscript was destroyed three times by yours truly through being over-tired and so I had to spend about 5 hours on each occasion restoring it by editing the assembler code and control characters within the documents that were still lurking around bits of the microdrives. One consolation, though; I now a damn sight more about the word processor than I ever did before even though it means that this issue gets out to Martin for printing one day later. Again I'd like to apologise for the shortness of this issue, but I hope that you will appreciate that I'm leaving Belgium in a matter of days and magazine production isn't the highest of priorities right now. But on the other hand, I did say in the last issue that I'd produce a small issue this time, so this really isn't so bad.

Before I leave you this issue I'd like to thank Martin for printing this magazine and the previous twenty Bohemian Rhapsodys, and I hope that he'll be able to mis-print many more. Rip for the support and faith he's shown in me over the past few years as editor. Tony for the essential machine code know-how that enabled me to start to recover this magazine. Graeme for the Trivial Pursuit and for the green nuts. Per for the concert reviews and working hard in Norway to make my move easier, without whom this next jaunt would be almost impossible. May-Britt for the invaluable support and for ensuring that the finer details in about almost everything have been worked out nicely. With friends like these things are working out exceedingly fine. Thank you all.

*Mal*

PLEASE NOTE MY NEW ADDRESS:

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Next issue ought to leave for the printers about the end of March 1986.